## MR. DOOLEY ON THE CARNEGIE = HOMER CONTROVERSY

(Copyright, 1903, by Robert Howard Russell.) Economica properties de la company de la

Andhrew Carnegle has been jumpin on Homer," said Mr. Dooley. 'What Homor?" asked Mr. Hon-

"Homer, the pote," said Mr. Dooley. "Has Andhrew been roastin' him?"

asked Mr. Honnessy. "He has," said Mr. Dooley. "He's been givin' it to him good. It's all up with Homer. No wan will print his stuff anny more. He'll be goin' 'round a pome undher his ar-rm fr'm

with Homer. No wan will print his stuff anny more. He'll be goin' 'round a pome undher his ar-rm fr'm newspaper to nowspaper thryin' to sell it. They'se a man wants to see ye,' says th' office boy. 'What's he like?' says th' office headed man with long whitsvers ar.' ohressed in a table cloth. I tinisk he's blind, 'f'r he was led in be a log on a shring,' says he'. Oh, il's only of' Homer., says th' iditor. 'Teil him I'm busy, he says. Carnaygie has busted him. People will talk about him fr'm now on as th' fellow that 'Garnaygie three him. People will talk about him fr'm now on as th' fellow that Garnaygie three him. People will talk about him fr'm now on as th' fellow that Garnaygie three him. People will talk about him. People will talk about him. People will talk about him fr'm now on as th' fellow that Garnaygie has word, but Hogan an' th' of' fellow was great friends. I got an lede that Homer aln't anny too well off. He niver knew annything about manny-facthin' pig ir'n an' being' blind he couldn't tell good money fr'm bad. He niver sold canned air to th' government fr' armor plate, an' he did at know th' Prince iv Wales at all. It ye wint to o'! Homer an' thried to tell him that be handin' a little coln to th' freight agent iv th' Pinsylvania he cud ship his pothry fr'm Pittsbury to Phillydelphy cheaper thin Roedyard Kiplin', th' chances ar-re he'd tell ye to go to the dewelle, and raysume his pome. He had no business head an' he miver founded a libry buildin' though I've heerd tell he founded a few libries. Poor o'! la-ad! I feel bad about him. But it's hard on Hygan, He's always blowin' about Homer. Ye'd think this o!' fellow was all th' potes there iver was, It was Homer this, an' Homer that. Homer says so-an'-so. D'ye raymimber what Hymer said about hat? He's as blind as a bat, but he can see more th'n mortal man. He is poor, but his head is full i

Ranch. He was a fine specimen of phy-

sical manhood, six feet in height, broad shouldered and brawny, but as supple in he says. Why, th' man's been crazy about that old blind fellow, Now, it's my turn. Whin he comes 'round,

he says. Why, th' man's been crazy about that old blind fellow, Now, it's my turn. Whin he comes 'round, ye'll hear me say: 'How's yeer frind Homer, how?' or 'Have ye heerd fr'm Homer lalely or 'What'z Homer doin' in the pothy line?' I'll make life a burden to Hogan.

"Ye didn't see what Carnaygie said, did ye? I'll tell ye. 'Th' other night,' he says, 'I wint home, tired out with th' compliments I had rayceived fro'm mesilf an' settled in me cozy libry, full iv th' choicest backgammon book after another fr'm th' libry table. Sthrange to say, they were all he th' wan author—me fav'rite author, th' kindliest sowl that is a constant inspiration to me—mesilf,' he says, 'I craved lighter readin' an' sint out to me butler, who's a grajate iv a Scotch college—which I have made into a first-class intilligence office—fr anny readin' matter he had on hand. He sint me a copy iv a pote be th' name iv Homer—I dm't reckleet his full name, but I think 'tw's James J. Homer. P'raps some iv ye will know. He's a Greek pote, an' this book was in th' original Greek, thranslated into English,' he says. 'I read it very fluently,' he says. 'Well, I don't know that th' malther is worth talkin' about excipt to tell ye how I felt about it, but if this is th' way modhern lith-rachoor is tidln', I'm going' to put a blast chimbly into all me libries. Of all th' bum books! Here's a fellow settin' down to write an' gettin' th' good money by th' pubble that hasn't anny siyle, anny polish, an' don't know th' first illmints iv th' Greek language. An' his charackters! I tell ye, boys, I know a few things about thim. I know thim. I've had thim right in me own house. They've slept undher me roof, an' even fr'm th' barn where coort etiket prescribes, I mus' lay me bed whin rietty is in th' house, I've heart this man Homer don't know a king fr'm a doose. He's got wan charackter in th' book, a king by th' name iv Achille. What kind iv a king does he make of him? Is he a small, r-round, haughty king, with a pinted beard, who says: "Andy, f'r a foolish this Achilis is no more an' no less thin a dhrunken vagabone. He's royster-in' an' cuttin' up fr'm mornin' to night; he's choppin' people open; he's insultin' his friends an' bethray'n' his counthray, an' fin'lly he dies be bein' hit on th' heel. Did ye iver hear th' like? I know kings, I tell ye, an' that's not th' kind iv men they ar-re

A Rocky Mountain Mystery

By HARRY ELLARD. Author of "Ranch Tales of the Rockies." 

twin calves following her. As it was

had not ridden very far before he espied is brought face to face with the trage-a cow bearing the Stirrup brand, with dies so closely interwoven with the

threads of human life.

canes. I wear a chip fr'm th' cane iv wan iv thim, who shall be namewas King Edward. I wear a sliver fr'm his walkin' stick over me heart at this minyit. They don't get dhrunk at all. As a rule, they ar-re very timp'rate in their habits, though not teetotal, mind ye. A little booze at lunch an' a little more at dinner, an' a short, hot win befure goin' to bed. If a king gets a little pickled be anny chanst, I don't mind tellin' ye, he don't go an' fight like a cabman. He slaps me on th' back, offers to raco me ar-round Skibo Castle f'r a dollar, weeps a little because he ain't well threated at home, an' goes to sleep on a lounge. Far fr'm 'dhressin' in a little short ballet dancer's skirts with bare legs, th' way this fellow Homer makes thim out, kings is very modestly attired in a black coat an' pearl-colored pants, although I don't mind tellin' ye that I did wanst have th' good fortune to see a monarch that I won't name, but p'raps ye can guess, in a pair iv pyjamas—but aven thin, ivry inch a king, as he ordhered me away fr'm his dure. Homer don't know th' customs iv good s'olety. He writes like a cook. I was so furyous I hurled th' book into th' fire, an' I'm goin' to direct that anny future wurruck iy his be excluded fr'm me libries,' he says.

"An' there's Homer in th' fire. Poor ol' la-ad. His day is done. He's been caught fakin', an' nobody will thrust him again. If ye go into th' Dope Lover's Libry, an' ask f'r pomes iv Homer, they'll say: 'I want ye to undherstand this is a rayspictable shop. Take a copy iv Treeumphant Dimocracy be A. Carnaygie, Hol' on there! Don't ye throw that inkstand!"

"Poor ol' la-ad. Where'll he turn out now? Mind ye, I think me frind, Andhrew Carnagie, is -right. Th' book iv Homer's pomes that Hogan hought in here one day had pitchers iv th' king's, an' wud ye believe it, they was all thruchimen. Yes, sir, ivry king ly thim was dhrivjn' a dhray an' fightin' fir mit jus' like ye see thim on th' docks. I suppose th' poor ol' man niver see a ang in his life. His idee iv a king is a big fellow on a deliv'ry wagon. But I'm sorry Carnaygie wint at him that rough. He ought to consid

Mr. Hennessey.
"Maybe," said Mr. Dooley, "he'll say that Homer don't care."

which came from experience gathered in the years of his own personal, practical

During his visit in Wyoming, Hank met some of the boys from N. Bar Ranch N., located up in the Big Horn country.

One day he was relating his experience during the previous "round up" and mentioned to them the incident of finding the skeletons of the horse and man, with the the coin bearing the brand of S. Double Bar, which he had picked up and which evidently had been in the man's pocket. All the men listened with the greatest

evidently had been in the man's pocket.

All the men listened with the greatest interest; and when Hank produced the coin, each one drow near to view it more closely. When he mentioned the fact that the dollar bore the initials J. S. B., one of the party seemed to be suddenly startled at the news. His face grew pale and he seemed under the influence of some intense emotion. As he approached Hank, he asked in a trembling voice if he might examine the coin more carefully. He took it in his hands, scanned it closely for several minutes and then produced from his own pocket a similar coin bearing the sume date, with the initials C. N. B. All around were impressed with the coincidence. The identical coins they were certain bore some intimate relation to events in this man's life, and of course they eagerly walted for his explanation.

"I was connected with the S. Double Bar outift many years ago," he said, "My name is Charles Norton Bartholomey, and the initials on the other coin.

of course they eagerly waited for his explanation.

"I was connected with the S. Double Bar outfit many years ago," he said. "My mane is Charles Norton Bartholomew, and the initials on the other coin are those of my brother James Stoewall Bartholomew. Our parents lived in Virginia, but in a spirit of adventure, we both left home for the West when quite young. We came to Wyoming in our wanderings and took up the life of cowboys on Ranch S. Double Bar, and finally became so enamored of the free and exciting life that we concluded to remain. Some ten years ago my brother heard of another outfit in Colorado, and concluded it would be to our advantage to make a change.

"However, he determined to make some investigation as to the place before a final decision in regard to it was made. So he left on horseback for this purpose in gay spirits, bearing the good wishes of his friends and looking forward to the future with bright and happy anticipations; we hever saw him dgain. We supposed he had been killed by a band of Mexicans in Pueblo Col., as this was the last place from which any news of him had been forwarded.

"My father and mother." continued Bartholomew, "have since died and left my brother James as trustee to my portion of their estate. This was held in tact for five years, but the courts finally decided to give me control of the whole estate upon the supposition of my brother's death, and also from the fact that I was his only heir. I sold out in Virginia and reinvested the proceeds in cattle in Wyoming, where I now reside. Notwithstanding the decision of the court, I still continued to cherish a lingering hope that at some time I would again see my brother's face.

"One day we both came into possession of a stilver dollar bearing the same date, and just as a boyish freak, we marked them as you have seen resolving to keep them as a little momento of our Western life. Little did I think at that time that it would be my brother's coin that two the certainty of his death, and also be the means of unraveling its

### Vanity, Thy Name is-Man

become manufact and a sample in the become for the important and a sample in the become for the important in the sample in the sample in the become for the important in the sample in t

anch in a distant State, ostracised by his fellow cowboys, fearing to return to meet the ignominious fate of a horse or cattle their noses, but a size made to see hard service."

"Well, that is the limit!" ejaculated the size of their noses, but a size made to see hard service."

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"Well, that is the limit!" ejaculated the size of the s

# MODERN FABLES.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE MAN WHO HAD A TRUE FRIEND TO STEER HIM ALONG Copyright, 1903, By Robert Howard Russell.

who was handicapped by a true and

Sometimes he suspected that if he could be left to himself he would struggle along from one Saturday Night to another and keep out of the Way of the Cars, and possibly extract some Joy from this Life in his own simple Rube Fashion.

But every time he turned around, Friend was right there to tell him what to do. Friend was somewhat of a Shell-fish

Friend was somewhat of a Shell-fish in the regulation of his own Privato Affairs, but he knew just how to manage for some one else.

So he used to tell the Victim where to have his Clothes made, and he would pick out his Shirt Patterns for him, and tell him how often he needed a drink and in other ways relieve him of all Responsibilities.

If the poor Mark wanted to remain in his Room and read something by William Dean Howells, the Friend would compel him to put on his Low-Front and go out to a War-Dance to meet a Bunch of Kloodles who wore No. 6 Hats and talked nothing but pime.

The Friend was always making Business Engagements for him and then latter him from about it later as

The Friend was always making Business Engagements for him and then letting him know about it later on. And sometimes Friend would try to choke him and take his Money away from him and invest it in some shine Enterprise that was going to pay a 40 per cent. Dividend every 30 Days.

Friend always meant well, at that. When he selected the Girl that the Victim was to marry, he was prompted by the most unselfish motives. Notwithstanding which, the Victim did the tall Duck.

A Policeman found him hiding under a Bridge and asked: "Are you a Fugitive from Justice?"

"No," was the Reply. "This is merely a case of Friend."

MORAL: They never seem to be properly Thankful for all that we do in their Behalf.

The Modern Fable of 90-Pound Knight Errant And His Lady Fair.

Once there was an Estimable Lady named Mrs. Killjoy, who used to hunt for Trouble with a Search-Warrant. She was not happy unless she was being Insulted. Before any one chirped she knew that she was going to

have Bricks thrown at her Character. Mrs. Killjoy held to the obsolete Theory that Man was put into this Mundane Trouble Factory to protect weak and defenseless woman from all Slurs, Slights and Insults. That is why she picked out for her True Knight an undeveloped Specimen about the size of a Philadelphia

about the size of a Philadelphia Squab, with four-inch Bleeps.

His steady Assignment was to fight her Battles. Mrs. Killjoy was one of those Sensitive Plants who could not get into a Trolley without having some one rudely Stare at her. She always suspected that the He-Salesmen in the Stores were trying to make Love to her and if any Man happened to be walking behind her on the same side of the Street, she knew she' was being Pursued.

"Are you going to sit here and allow your Wife to be Insulted?"
That was the Speech she would hand him when they were out together. Then it was up to him to call some 200-pounder or else be prepared to lie awake half the Night and listen to the Story of her Wrongs. Sometimes he suspected that she wented to realize on her Life Insur-

Sometimes he suspected that she wanted to realize on her Life Insur-

ed Mrs. Killjoy and apolegize in her behalt and say that she was a trifle Dippy.

What Mrs. Killjoy needed was a Husband in a full Suit of Armor mounted on a White Horse and thirsting for Blood. She had read the wrong kind of Books. Husband knew that she would stack him up against it sooner or later.

Bure enough, one Day he found her in Tears and learned that the Man delivering the Coal had been Impertinent and had failed to remove his Hat while speaking to her. She wanted to know if Mr. Killjoy was a Man or a Mouse and that settled it. He went tout to roast the Teamster and she followed along to Gloat.

The Teamster was a Low-Brow with a 48-inch Chest and he did not know a thing about the Henry of Navarre Business. He grabbed Mr. Killjoy and dusted the Bin with him.

While the Sufferer was in the Hospital, waiting for the Bones to join,

"As soon as you are well enough to shoot him."

"I will," said the brave Knight, "If I can get one of those Sandy Hook

Gune that will carry six Miles."

The Modern Fable of What is in a Nam Under Certain Conditions.

Under Certain Conditions.

Once there was a Main Squeeze of a Business Concern who had a faithful Man Friday.

The Understrapper kept the Books and stalled off the Carvassers and when there was nothing eise to do he would go out Collecting. Every morning at 8 he was buckled down to work. When the High Guy arrived, the humble Employee would bring the Morning Mail and answer all Questions in low, respectful Tones.

Now, the Boos knew that one of the Secrets of Business Success is to thrown an awful Bluff, so he changed the Firm to a Company and called himself President. In order to make the Letter-Heads imposing he put on the Book-Keeper's Name and called him Business Manager. It did not cost anything and it dazzled the Correspondents.

Also he allowed the Business Manager.

him Business Manager. It did not cost anything and it dazzled the Correspondents.

Also he allowed the Business Manager to have a Desk with a Brass Plate on it, so as to impress Visitors. Whereupon the Man Friday began to wear a Tall Hat and show up every Morning at 10 instead of 8. He stopped calling the Stenographer "Mattie" and used her Full Name. When any one came to see him, he had the Office Boy bring in a Card.

In speaking of the Company he said "We." If asked to do any regular Office Work, he put up a loud Holler, because he did not think that a Business Manager should be compelled to monkey with any small and cheap Duties.

In short, although his Salary remained the same, the high-sounding Title was too much for him, He developed a severe Case of Enlargicals of the Coco and in a short time he was breathing the Fresh Afr.

Moral: Many a good Subordinate has been ruined to make a gilded Figure-Head.

## .. Education in the South..

Some Personal Observations.

By J. WM. JONES. 

There has been within the past year of a more efficient than it is sometimes of a good date side about defication in the sound the second of the "Organ Commission" to a good date of the "Organ Commission" to add the scal of some of our leading claim and the scal of some of our leading claim and the scal of some of our leading claim and the scal of some of our leading claim and the scal of some of our leading claim and the scal of some of our leading claim and the scal of some of our leading claim and the scale of some of our leading claim and the scale of some of our leading claim and the scale of some of our leading claim and the scale of some of our pound and who have been certain of our young men who have gone North first scale of some of our young men who have gone North first scale of some of the scale of th

manhood deplayed entrolled enough the students, its Fornale Normal manhood."

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## WANTED---500 WHITE GIRLS TO MAKE CHEROOTS AND CIGARS. LEARNERS PAID WHILE BEING TAUGHT ...APPLY TO THE ...

WHITLOCK BRANCH

It was a pathetic sight to view these men, solemn and silent before the great mystery of death, for the cowboy has a tender spot within his heart when his

23D AND CARY STREETS, RICHMOND, VA.